

THE C A B A L.

110

NOW the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilful Age,
Has with impartial hand whipt Sov'raign Sin,
In me it is but manners to begin.

To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail,
Beyond the Law, when preaching Block-heads fail;
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow,
Were not men vicious there would be no Law:
And to cry up this faucy Cant a Rule
For lawful Satyr, proves a Wit a Fool;
To rail at State, and Monarchs ill intreat,
They cry, 'tis good, because the Subject's great;
As Man was only plac'd in Paradise,
To nibble on the Fruit for which he dies.
Can Owls and Woodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a prey?
What is't to lash a King, and Council-Table,
When I myself am kick'd by the Town-rabble?
Nor do I covet, matters for my Rhimes,
The greatest Persons; but the greatest Crimes.
What is't to me who keeps a Miss, who's Wed,
Or who got costly *Carmel's* Maidenhead?
Who got the better on't, the Peer or Knight?
What Lord was drunk, or Lady sw— last night?

These are the crying Crimes; yet one may do
All these, and be an honest Subject too:
But to supplant the Government, and cry
Allegiance down, and rail at Monarchy;
To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
Imbroil the Nation in a new Sedition;
To sow Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle:
This would become a Mule's excellence,
To whip the Club into Allegiance.

Who would not be affected as *Sir Car*,
As proud as *Mulgrave*, dull as *de la Ware*;
As poor as *Fish*, who lost himself and Prince
In one Debauch, and ne're was sober since:
Rather than that insatiate Beast of prey
Worries the Flock to make himself away?
Those harmless men find a more safe aboad,
Who quit unlawful paths to keep the Road.

'Tis strange, that Humane wisdom ever shou'd
Err most, under pretence of doing good:
And those wise men that would prescribe us Rules
For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools.
Witness the *Caroline* that left *Whitehall*
To be made President of the Cabal:
So he's in play, (provided there's no blows)
It matters not, the New, or the Old Cause:
Has through all points of Government run his rounds,
As *Gore* the Compass die, with Bloud and Hounds:
But sooner may you fix the Northern wind,
Than hope this Weathercock will be confin'd.
Nature made him a perverse wight, whose Nose
Extracts the Essence of his Gouty Toes;
Double with Head to Tail he crawls apart:
His Body's th' Emblem of his double Heart.
In the Court-Sun he wriggles like a Snail;
Touch but his Horns, he shrinks into his Shell.
Roul'd like a Hedge-hog up, he shews his Snout,
And at the Council-Table makes a rout,
Gainst *Charles* and the Succession domineers;
If ought oppose him, he has Forks and Spears:
Like a vile Scullar, he abjures the Realm,
And sinks the Bark, 'cause he's not chief at Helm;
Then cries, All hands to pump a Leakish Keel,
And stops it up with *Julian's* Conger-eel,
That when a Ball pierc'd the Broad-side, ev'n then
Clapt in the hole, and sav'd *Sir Edward's* men.
The way's to keep him there; if he get through
Secure himself, he drowns the Ship and Crew.

If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
The Rabble, he's in his own Element.
There let him Plot, and ne're behold the Sun,
Till he has through all Seas of Folly run,
Under pretext of Wit to be undone.

Like the late Duke, who, from a glorious Bully,
Retir'd from Court, to be the City's Cully;
The City's Minion; now, their scorn and sport,
There more despis'd, than once ador'd at Court:
Who did his Fall so wittily contrive,
In quaint disguise to Riot, Rant, and Sw—;
And when he has lost himself in Infamy,
Revile the State, and rail at Monarchy;
The only means true Glory to pursue,
And must be the best way, because 'tis new.
Would any *Hewson* from the Court retreat
To th' Stall, under disguise of being Great,
And only for to merit Vulgar praise;
Rather than not be popular, be base?
So, once an Emperor, as *Stories* say,
Exchang'd his Scepter for a Ferula,
And, only proud to prove himself a Fool,
Did quit the Throne, to keep a petty School;
Yet this was great, while only for the noise
Of Sov'raign power, he Lords it o'er the Boys:
Look to it, *York*; the Nation first shall bleed,
E're the two Kings of *Brainford* shall succeed.
Put him aside, — as he has done, I'll lay;
For should I more upon this Subject say,
It were, like his Estate, but thrown away.

Shall *Perkin* 'scape, whose early offering
Invok'd the Club, e're he atton'd the King? (plead
what though ne's banish'd; yet the Rump may
Old *Magna Charta*, though the House be fled,
And though you will not make him King; yet he
May justly claim a Subject's liberty:
But this secures him from our sharpest shot,
He was not *Oates* enough to make a Plot;
And Satyr upon him is ev'n almost,
As well as preaching unto *Armstrong*, lost.

Hallif — for Empire has as great an Itch,
As ever Dog had for his salt swoln Bitch;
His plumes impt with Ambition, up he flies,
And to be something melts ev'n in the Skies:
While th' humble wretch at home lies prostrate
To all the barking Beagles of the Town. (down

Young *Devon* too does in the Club intrude,
To be applauded by the Multitude:
With zeal to King and Country he abounds;
Keep with the Hare, and open with the Hounds:
Now of the Court, now of the City free;
Mistakes Prerogative for Liberty.
How well a Regiment would him become,
If the loud Commons did but beat the Drum?
My Masters, Vote it, Sirs; a Prohibition:
I can't in Conscience brook the new Commissions:
To levy Forces, and assign Commanders,
Is Treason in the King 'gainst *France* or *Flanders*;
But if the House command me, though I starve,
I'll quit Wine, Whores, Allegiance, to serve.

Gray better far might slight his Sovereign's
He had a Regiment within his County, (bounty,
And power enough besides to back his Cause,
Would *Rowley* venture but a broken Nose.
Appease this mouthing *Cerberus* with a Bone,
Honour's a dainty Crust to pick upon:
While his dear Doxy makes a shift to rub
The business out with *Monmouth*; he the Club:
And *Rowlfstone* leads the Van, while they combine,
And humbly beg their Sovereign to resign.

How Faction, and the quenchless thirst of Rule,
Hurries to ruine the Ambitious Fool;

Whose busie Soul, puffed up with popular sway,
Will scarce be ever humbled to obey!
The Earl whose Spouse had such a spacious Poop,
As swallow'd up *Ned Brab'zon*, and his Troop,
Who was lately Lord Lieutenant of the Realm,
Seem'd a good Pilot while he fate at Helm;
But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His Master's Cause, and sided with the Crew.

Now *Bedford* found he had the worst o'th' lay,
Having more wit or honesty than they,
Sneak'd off, and left the Club his Game to play;
When he had also led 'em to the Perch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left 'em in the lurch,
At such a juncture of a time, and odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highness left the Godly;
Or *Escrick Howard*, to become a bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up busie *Waller*.
These are the men that all the Bustle make,
And Empire check meerly for Empire's sake:
They lay their Stamp on the Revolting Darling,
And in that Club make Treason pass for Sterling.
There are some other Beagles of the Pack,
That make a noise the Royal Chase to back:
As when a Mastiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will shake their tails and bark;
And though the foremost Hound but start the Hare,
The rest will mouth it as they claim'd a share,
Who follow by the scent, and scarce have sense
To judge 'twixt Treason and Allegiance.

As Fops meet in the Pit, to damn a Play,
Not what they know, but by what others say:
Unmeaning — Fools, who, something to be at,
Follow the leading Cucko, like the *Bar*.
And justly merit, as they are despis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chastis'd.

So bawling *Huntingdon*, and *Kent* the mute,
With noise and nonsense fill 'up the dispute:
And while the Club proclaims the lawless strife,
One is the Drum, and th' other is the Fife.
What shall we say of *Falconbridge*, *Bridgwater*?
Or *Cherbury*, or dull *Denbigh* shall I flatter?
Who in the Synod drudge like Gally-slaves,
And buy the Stock, to make a Gleeck of Knaves:
Like Beasts, insensible of wrong, they stray,
And find a Pound, quitting the King's High-way.

And last, behold in Triumph to their Follies,
In *Nel's* own Coach of State, comes *Loyal Hollis*,
Who sold the Father by an old Commission,
And purchases the Son with a Petition.
Now whether has the better on't; the Club,
Or the Five Members did the Royal job?
This is the Baker's dozen makes the Rump,
And little *Waller's* Leaven to the lump.
When *Bedford* civilly had made his Leg,
The Club engender'd, and brought forth an Egg;
Which, like *Grand Cairo*, for a quick dispatch
Hot Monsieur *Parliament* must fit and hatch.
Rowley began to puff, and shake his Noddle,
And told 'em in plain terms their Brood was addle,
That to a Rump he never more would give
Away his Birthright, or Prerogative:
Then, like a God which from his voice did leap,
Dissolv'd that Chaos and confused heap.
Bravely he spake, and wisely he perform'd,
While still the Club against the Council storm'd:
Who, rather than from Faction would be free,
Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
Would damn themselves, and their Posterity.

F I N I S.